

# **11 Stories**



## **A Box Of Heart's**

Science says human beings are born with one heart and one brain. But I believe, we humans are born with more than one heart!. Do I sound crazy? But I request you to not judge me yet. We are born with more than one heart, Actually we are born with a box full of hearts. And the quality of our life we live depends upon how many hearts we are left with in our box. Let me put some light on this.

*It was a day of December, Chilling was the environment and people were seen with their sweaters on.*

*The evening was hard to inhale, my skin turned cold and pale. I remained at home instead of roaming in the town and the last thing I wanted was to put my naked feet on the ground.*

*My Grandfather walked in holding the stick with his shivering*

hands. He jumped on the bed just like a small kid and folded his arms tight just like a rubber band. He looked at me and asked “Do you need some bhajiya(snacks) with some garam Chai(Hot tea)?”. I was always ready because the next thing with the snacks was our conversation which could take my heart really high. It was always something worth learning from my grandfather’s words and they had the power to change my mind. And then he started with a smile ready to share the jewels of knowledge he possessed.

He told me, son I feel lucky to have you in my life. You completed my box of hearts. I laughed hard and told him I am not a kid anymore. What’s all this about the box of hearts. I take no more childish words.

Hearing this my grandfather laughed and looked at me and said with a soft voice it ain’t a cherry or cake, it is a truth in a story which I made.

I looked at him with an interested eyes and all I wanted was tale in comic disguise.

*He started with a heavy voice as if interpreting a powerful person with a strongest heart.*

*Its a story of a man named Khedan. Khedan was at his last stage of life, His body was weak and voice was almost gone, He looked like a skull covered with the older leaves. It was hard for him to breathe and the only food he ate was liquefied. He was on a verge to die and the only thing he wished was his kids to just pass by. It was a night of June, Khedan was sleeping on his bed and trying to remember all the golden moments he had with his family. All the games they played, all the smiles they shared and all the fights they had. It was as if a set of frames encapsulating the memories were presented to him all at once. He laughed and cried all at the same time wishing for one last memory to create with the ones he loved more than his life.*

*He opened his eyes and the view was different. It was more clear than his eyes could ever see. He could hear more sounds and noises, clear than he could ever imagine. He had his powers regained and he felt like he was a boy again. He was surprised*

*but not shocked. He started walking as if he recognized all the ways. He saw a person standing straight outside of a huge gate. Khedan went straight to him and asked what is this place. The keeper said Its heaven and I welcome you with all of the god grace.*

*Within a moment he was changed, Life left his body and he was a soul again. He walked straight towards his creator and stared with complaints in his eyes. God welcomed him and offered him a place to sit. God asked him how was your experience of earth. Khedan now remembered each and every details of his former life. He looked at the God and spoke with all the pain he held in his voice.*

*“Why is it that we expect something to happen and nothing happens in our favor?. Why is it that the one who love us are the one who leave us with the worlds greatest pain?. Why is it that the people become heartless after they spend more time around us? All that I planned would deliver me happiness was not even present when I died! ”*

*After hearing the grievance of a devotee, God was not surprised. Instead God spoke the following*

*‘Your pain is because your box of heart was empty. You never accepted the hearts people wanted to give you and you wasted yours by giving it to people who never needed it, So they broke it and you were left in pain’.*

*God sensed Khedan’s confusion and than spoke the following words.*

*‘When I create a human, I give them a box full of hearts. When they are just born and they are infants they don’t give the hearts from their boxes easily to anybody. Instead people all around them give them their hearts and the boxes overflow. So small babies are always happy and even if they cry they soon revert their emotions back to their happier form. But as the kid starts growing they slowly one at a time start giving their hearts to people they like. Some of those people are rude to them, they take their heart and crush it on the ground. And the kid is left in*

*pain but thanks to the other hearts left in the box and also to the one who love them. They give theirs hearts to them time to time and the box always remains full. But not for a long time. Soon they are out as an adult in the world. They encounter with different kinds of people and blindly start giving their hearts to everyone. The one who like them back exchange theirs hearts but most of them don't do it. Instead they are the hearts breakers. They break hearts resulting to pain and anger. Everyone does it. When you break someone hearts you loose one heart from your box as well. And as life continues we get or loose hearts, sometimes break them. The personification can be easily seen in everyone's life. So you need to be careful before you give your heart to someone and be more careful when you take it from someone. Make sure you don't break it.'*

*Khedan stared at a while and smiled as if he got all his answers. God concluded by saying this -*

*'Make sure your box of hearts is always full. Then you will expose love and respect for everyone. Learn to choose'*



My grandfather completed his sentence with a smile and I was left astonished by his creative way of thinking. I hugged him tight and told him, you can have one heart from my box.

## **Return**

In some place across the ocean Sebastian found his love and they lived their life in a heaven made for them.

Sebastian was a carpenter and his love was a decorator.

Sebastian broke the woods and made a feature out of it and his love would decorate it to make it whole.

love flattered their heart and every time they saw each other a new story began. Sebastian brought some ice from the town

market and his love crushed them to add it with cream to taste it good. In a warm noon of summer they sat on the rocking chair eating ice cream and talking about their before marriage affair. One day Sebastian went to the city to sell his creation and promised his love to buy her a ring of shinning stone on his way back home. His love made a fish soup with some curry leaves which would add up to its flavor. She decided to wear a pink gown and serve Sebastian the food as a return to the ring he brings. She took some water and cleansed the floor and made an attempt to hangout some flowers on the main entrance door. Sun went down and it was time for arrival. She washed her face to look more better. She smiled on the memory of Sebastian writing a prose on her beauty. She got ready to here it out again. On the way towards his love Sebastian made every attempt to pick the flowers different from the rest. In his left hand he held the rose, the lily, the mogra, the jasmine which shinned with others in the bunch. There at the edge of the rocks there was pond having a lotus opening its arms to welcome the love of sky.

Soon it will close as the sun is on the way to home. Sebastian stepped into the pond to reach out the lotus and complete his bouquet. He kept his legs firm but soon lost his balance and slip into the pond. Every bit of his body started to sink he held the flowers and the ring not to lose it. He lost his life but not his grip. They had the flowers and ring still there even when the rest of his body started to float.

Sebastian never reached his love and his love was waiting till eternity. She cleans the floor every morning, hangs out the flower on the door, every evening she looks at the sky waits for the sun to go down and Sebastian to come home and eat the fish curry she made. She waits for the ring and the prose Sebastian would sing. Ages passed and every evening Sebastian returns to his love as a memory and makes her smile. He sings her a prose and describe her beauty and return back to the heaven as soon as sun visits the earth.



## **Sherin**

Some miles from an old town along the shore of Atlantic, insane the people were with the visit of terrifying hurricane. Some deposits in the old bag, with a child in her womb Sherin left the wooden hut and started to move towards a safe place. When god has taken the charge of destruction, no place a human can find to hide his mistakes. After some steps she took, she turned to look at the wooden hut and she only found it losing its existence. She had lost every hope to live, her womb pleased her to fight this evil and allow a new life to step into this world.

Everything around was a mess, branches sliding through the trees, leaves flying away from their base. Everything she saw around were separating from their origin. After some distance she traveled, her legs became weak and her face was covered with sweat. The nature had ceased its cruelty and only thing it

left behind was destruction and existence of some grief. She touched a tree which was all the support she was left with. She sat down and allowed her tears to roll down. Touching her stomach, she felt close to the life that brought a reason to extend her commitment towards the life.

"Your father was a great person, you are unlucky to be objected to feel his love. I felt it. And you don't have to worry, his love still exist in my heart. I will give it to you". She said with her cheeks still feeling her tears.

Few minutes later when she started the journey towards dreams she was calm and relaxed. She met Joey there amid the lights of sun, he opened his arms and called her closer. She ran and held him tight. She felt every beats of his heart, she was feeling secure and loved. Their eyes met and deep there she could find an ocean of love for her. Joey took her hand and said with a smile.

"I know you miss me. I know you love me and i hurt you always. I left you alone beneath the evil shadows of world. I gave you every reason to hate me but you found every reason to love me. I feel guilty here in heaven and i wish i could love you more than you love me"

Joey kissed her and turned around to move away and again leave her in pain. She screamed, she cried but he never turned back, He never did.

This time the pain was more, it had crossed every boundaries, it had made her scream, not allowing allowing her to control the voice which broke the silence around. Her eyes opened and she was still crying. This wasn't a dream anymore. She was bleeding, she was crying. This pain she felt was killing her. She closed her eyes and saw joey standing there and saying " i am coming to you".

Some minutes later her ears heard a cry, she opened and found a



small child lying beneath her legs. She held the child closer and she got the same feeling which joey gave her. She cried and smiled and kissed his forehead. She looked up and said " thank you joey, thank you for returning.

## **Just A Love**

“Can we have a dinner together ?” was all I could ask.

The day of the my so called date started all smooth making me shiver from morning to noon. My heart kept pacing whenever she entered my thought and my heart would stop whenever she left my mind. All day I was at my edge planning, trying, waiting for the time when I would be meeting her all alone.

It was 6 in the evening and I had started to get all dress up to impress. I wear the best cologne and the best dress I purchased. I had it all ready and planned, wishing to please her by putting all the efforts I can.

We planned to meet at 8, at the oldest restaurant of the town. You know I just couldn't take any chance of anything going wrong. It served the best food was all I knew and I tasted it twice before even asking her out.

The time finally arrived and I reached the restaurant just an hour before it was the time. I held a gift I had bought for her and nervously started eating my nails looking at the other couple wishing if she would say yes, we would not be like others.

Of course my love was harder and different for others but it was from my heart and I knew if it broke I would suffer just like the others. I reached the glass of water and kept staring at the door waiting for her sign.

The gate opened and she approached with smooth chest, her eyes searching for me. I stood up to welcome her and hugged her as she reached the table. I blushed when she said "you look great"

We sat across the table, me staring at her and she kept smiling looking at my teared nails. I again reached for the glass of water and then took a deep breath. I said “I have to tell you something important and I expect you not to freak out.”

With a surprise in her eyes she told me to go ahead and then with a long breath I started with what I had.

I said “I may sound weird to you but this is what i feel, I think I love you and I nothing else do I feel. Your company feels great to me and I wish for forever we could stay like this.”

She dropped her jaw and her eyes fixed at me. I knew she was struck with the proposal I offered. She was still and kept silence, when I saw a waiter walking towards me. He looked at me with a smile placing the menu card on the table started with his duty by saying

“What can I get for you ma’am? ”

I told I would let him know within a minute and then he turned towards her to repeat what he asked earlier. She looked at him and signaled him a No.

She finally started speaking only to crush my heart.

She said “I respect your feelings but I am sorry I couldn’t be its part. Its just a simple thing that I am straight and you are not is what I think. Girls don’t interest me, boys I like a lot. I am sorry If I hurt you. but for you I have nothing from what I have got.”

I stared at her for a while and watched her walk outside the door. I was left there all alone feeling sad like hell and this was the first time I had failed in my love.



## **First day with the moon**

Searching for the reasons to talk. Looking out for ways to be together. Waiting all night for the next day to show up. Aren't these some symptoms of love.

It was a new day for both of us.

Our life had changed with just three words.

The twist and turns, the ups and downs we experienced alone till now. We were in a mood to forget all and create our world, beautiful and small.

The first morning of love, I am sure it was a very different feeling we felt. There was an anxiety, some nervousness and way too much freaking out. My lips were haunted with smiles and my mind was all ready to shout.

My fingers couldn't handle the shiver and my eyes were stuck on my phone. I looked at your pictures and practiced being normal. Took my bike keys and stepped out of my door. I was excited to

see you and live this new day, we were about to explore.

My mind couldn't stop thinking about you. I counted each second I moved. Every minute I was some meters closer to you. It was all different. The world around me was moving in peace. As if this day was special for each. I could see happy faces and smiling lips all around me. I heard someone singing. Was it real or it was just me.

I had not noticed for a while, my lips were still curved into the same smile I was carrying from the last night when you sat behind me on my bike and held me tight.

For next half hour I was under a strong spell of your thoughts. When reached, I rushed inside the office, on fourth floor. I walked inside the wing door and saw you looking at me with your head from above the cubicle.

There was a sudden smile on our faces. We stared at each other for a while and we couldn't control our smiles.

I walked towards you and grabbed a chair to sit closer. I took your hand and lifted it up and kissed it over and over. You looked



at me with a beautiful smile. I said 'I love you' and you repeated the three words and left me mesmerized.

I wanted to capture us into a picture. So I took out my phone and asked you for a photo. We posed together alone for the first time. And the photo stayed with me for the rest of my life.

We talked the whole day and looked at each other and smiled.

We wanted to be more close and hold each other tight. I would peek up from my desk and would see just the top of your head. I would feel satisfied just with the idea of you being close to me even if you were just two desk ahead.

The lunch time was difficult. We couldn't sit together. But we stared at each other from our tables.

I was desperately waiting for the evening, so that we could go out together and spend some time talking and feeling the love we'd just found.

The day ended with parting us for the night. Leaving us alone after I took a left and you took a right. It was all new then and it

always remained new whenever I thought about my first day with the moon.

## **If, I were you...**

When I needed a strange talk after a fight and a kiss of a good night just to make my heart bounce back on its normal ride, I would have never slept with my back on your side If, I were you....

Next morning I hoped the situation was all okay until when you kept a neutral face and walked away. This is were I felt the urge to hold your hands and apologize. Listening to my apology I would have given a sweet smile to bring back rocks to life only If , I were you.....

Days started passing and our conversation started ending quickly after a few seconds when we started. Do you remember we used to fight like this every single day but would get back together

easily again? I tried to make things good again releasing all my pressure and pain. Somehow you ignored it, I still doubt was it easier for you. Because I would have cried and held up the next moment you brought tears in your eyes only If, I were you..... Things between us started falling apart making us more pathetic in all the possible ways. We started ignoring each other, let alone we talked. Assumptions took the control binding us with all that was false. Day dreaming now had turned into nightmare giving me shivers whenever i thought do you really care. I read our old messages and thought do we have it all to control this loop or is it the end to our story.

If, I were you ? I would have taken one last step assuming you are no less qualified to get my love back.





## **Its Okay....Dad**

After a long day when I return home, i search for my mother and ask her where is papa? My mom says ...at work!

He returns home all exhausted but with a smile on his face. He talks about my day and gets happy if something good had happened.

This is going on from last 24 years. Everyday. He talks about me, mom, sister and family...

Oh...do you think he forgot something?

He forgot himself.

I guess we never ask. How was your day dad?

Instead we wait for him to come home and listen to what we desire next.

He never forgets my birthday. But I still don't remember if his birthday is 17 or 18 Jan.

I see his chest is fair and white but why his hands are black ? Why he fells asleep immediately after he lays down on the bed?

If I am hurt he looks at me with his eyes wide open. Dad, its hurting! Don't you feel anything?.

I feel he doesn't care.

See, I didn't notice it again, his eyes are wide open and they are not blinking. Is he crying? Then why he doesn't show it to me?

When I achieve something. He never hugs me or he never says 'I am proud of you' , instead why he calls all his friends and gets started on my achievement.

I still remember he would bring only 3 chocolates, for me , my mom and my sister.

He again forgot himself .

He never said I Love you...But it's okay dad, really it's okay.

Because I know you do.. and I notice it everyday.





## Real Soulmate

*One day I will become what you wanted me to become. I will be losing all my flaws and wearing the essence of love you gave me every second of your life’.* Rajat wrote this line on a piece of paper with a lot of other words eager to describe his love for his mother.

“There is no flight available for next 8 hours, I am sorry but It would take at-least one more day to reach Mumbai” said Emily.

Rajat was still staring at the paper with his lips curved in a smile born of sorrow. He took out his pen and wrote

*‘Maybe I was incapable of showing my love but I know you always looked into my heart and found the love which was only meant for you.’*

“Please book my tickets as soon as possible, I will go home and pack my stuff. ” said Rajat

Rajat left his office and drove towards his place. On the way he shed his tears remembering the memories with his mother. With one hand on the steering wheel he checked his phone. He scrolled through the photo gallery, looking at the pictures of his mother. Every picture would bring a smile on his lips and tears in his eyes. On some particular pictures he would lift his phone and kiss the screen. He increased the car speed as in the hurry to reach home, pack his bags and reach Mumbai to see his mother.

He still wished that he would find his mother standing on the door to welcome him with a tight hug. Rajat always felt that her hug was the only special thing gifted by god in this whole universe. He missed those hugs and regretted being so mean to her in past few years.....

Rajat would always keep a diary and write in it after every few minutes. A year ago he was in Mumbai visiting his best friend's wedding. After five years he was back home and his mother insisted him to stay some more days after the wedding ceremony so that he could spend time with his family. Rajat's

father had a low blood pressure problem so he also insisted for a quality time with his son. Rajat couldn't decide about how he could extend his holidays. Hearing his parents complain about how he has moved away from them Rajat couldn't find any words to console so he walked straight in his room and locked the door on his back.

He sat in his room for more than an hour and amidst all the thoughts provoking him to regret, he wrote

*'Its like monsoon is home and I couldn't decide on whether I should use my umbrella or I should get wet. I want to stay for some more time but I am afraid I can't. '*

After two hours Rajat walked out of the room and told his parents he can't extend his holidays.

"I am really sorry mom,I really want to but I can't. I rather have an idea. I want you guys to come and stay with me in Chicago. I make huge money over there and that would help us to start a

new life in a great country.” Rajat went quite right after he saw his mother dropping her jaws in disagreement.

Rajat’s mother stared for a while and said

“The thing is Rajat, We your old parents don’t want to start a new life. All we want from you is some time from your busy schedule. And It’s totally Okay if you cannot give us that.”

Rajat was back in present still driving his car towards his home. He could sense the tears touching his cheeks and all he wanted at that very moment was to cry loud.

He reached home and started packing his bags, there were some stuff he wanted to gift his mother this year when he would go home. He had already taken a month off from his work and by all means he had made sure that nothing could cancel his plan. He said to Nick his senior executive that he wouldn’t take any calls when he is in India. He was excited and was really hoping to make things better between him and his parents.

After he packed his stuff he took out his old diary from the closet. It had a date of seven years ago. He flipped through the pages and stopped on the one where he had written -

*'I can't believe that I am finally going to live my dream life. I made it. I am so excited about spending my new year in Chicago. Chicago here I come.'*

He smiled on his excitement and childish behavior after reading this. He flipped some more pages and started reading -

*'Today I went to the passport office with my father. I was really worried there was a problem, when we got a call from the passport office. But I am relieved now that everything is alright. After we got the call, my mother said - Everything will be alright and even if there is a problem we will figure out some solution. You will definitely go to America. Yes I believed her!'*

Rajat got lost deep into his thoughts but soon the cell phone ring brought him back.

“Hello, Hey Emily!”

“Hey!, Booked your tickets. Flight is at 11:30 pm. I will come and pick you.”

“Thanks, Emily. I am really glad I have you!”

Rajat had to wait more 8 hours to get into the flight which would take him to his mom. Every minute for him was going really hard and slow. But these moments were helping him to feel each ounce of love his mother gave him, again.

We usually don't understand the importance of our loved ones unless we are on a verge of losing them for forever. We usually take love from others as granted and most of the time we fail to respect it or give it the place it deserves. We usually when we see our loved ones in pain which results in feeling the similar pain as our hearts are so deeply connected.

Rajat had been feeling this sense of pain from last couple of months. The corporate life had clutched him so hard that the

enjoyment from the initial stage soon turned into a severe bondage, and he ended up being homesick and missing his parents really hard.

He had already decided about a long holiday and stay with his parents but his plan failed this morning when we received a call from his father saying that his mother had met with an accident while she was getting back home from a party last night. She was severely injured with four wrist bones and three leg bones fractured. Her heart rate was going up and down, Doctors said that she was not able to bear the pain she had undergone.

Rajat's father with a heavy voice told him that even in this condition all she was saying is to see her son at least once.

"She was crying your name so loud with her full energy that it was impossible for the doctors to make her quite. She is in a pain Rajat. Please come!"

Rajat had broke down at that very moment and had cried really loud not even caring that he was in his office.



Rajat reached airport two hours earlier. He checked in and took a seat in the waiting lobby. He slipped his hand in his pocket and remove his dairy . He wrote -

*'Oh God, You had no rights to hurt her, she is my mother. Why do you want to become my enemy? don't you know how much I love her.*

*I am sorry If it hurts your pride but you need to keep my words in your mind. Hurting her would be the most harsh decision you would ever take.*

*I am sure I am not the only who would be fighting with you for the person they love I am sure my mother would have fought with a lot for me and would have gave a hell lot of hard time.*

*So, mind it one last time. Don't bother to deal with the relation where there are two souls of a same body one is a **son** and other which is mightier than you , the **mother.** '*



## **To My Son**

It is a cool morning of December and winter is hovering over the city with a great comfort, no one will even think of moving out of the blanket at 4:00 am in morning but Kaushalaya does. She wakes up every morning no matter it is winter or summer, she takes a bath with the chilled water while chanting hare Krishna. At 5:00 am she starts walking on the street of Rautpar and stops at the Shiva-linga near the Ganga. She cleans the Shiva-linga with the pure water of ganga and than using flowers she decorates the linga. While returning home she never forgets to ask Vinayakji about his well-being. She always slows down at the fields and watch the farmers starting their work. Kaushalaya Shivprasad Upadhyay at the age of 70 cares about everyone in the village, when she needs to be taken care of.

Rajeev upadhyay is the only son of kaushalaya who lives in Mumbai with his family, yes with his family of three members. He stopped considering kaushalaya as his family member when she made her feel embarrassed in front of his friends. Rajeev has a son Nitin who is turning 12 next month. Rajeev's wife Smita is a doctor by profession and thinks people after certain age when they fail to help others should move to old age homes. Rajeev is happy, living with his family when one day he gets a phone call. It was Nayanram from Rautpar who informed him about the sudden death of Kaushalaya.

"Do you really think, we should come, I mean Nitin has his exams after 10 days he needs to focus" Smita said while looking at Rajeev who was busy with his laptop booking tickets.

"Yes Smita, you should come. What will people think, that you were not present at the funeral of your mother-in-law and after all she is my mother." Rajeev answered

"Well, okay but you know I will not be able to handle the situation. Lot of ladies come over there and they will expect me to cry" she said.

"Its not important, right?. you don't even have to come out of your room, i will handle everything. I just want that people should know that you care" Rajeev said.

"I do care Rajeev...." She said with a sarcasm in her voice.

Next day Rajeev with his family reached Rautpar and was shocked by finding everything quite in his house and around the house. He couldn't find anyone crying or talking about the death, Every-one was busy with their work and it seemed that nothing ever happened here. When he moved inside the house he searched for his mother's dead-body but there was nothing instead the house was clean and all the rooms were locked. After an hour he met Ranvijay Singh the head of the village and asked about his mother.

"who are you, and why are you here?" Ranvijay singh asked with anger in his eyes.

"Uncle, I am Rajeev, Son of Kaushalaya" Rajeev said.

"Oh Really, I thought she lost her son but you are here, Well you would be happy to hear that she died yesterday morning after returning home from her prayers. we villagers have done everything regarding her funeral and now she has reached where she belongs. So thank-you for coming" Ranvijay said with tears in eyes.

"But, how can you do this, i am her son and its my right to perform every ritual regarding her funeral"

"What rights are you talking about, wasn't it your right to take care of her and live with her at the last part of her life. Rajeev, she was alone, alone in this big house which felt like hell to her" Ranvijay said while opening his bag and removing a paper.

"she gave this for you" Ranvijay gave the paper to Rajeev and turned his back an started walking.

Rajeev looked at the paper, it was letter addressing TO MY SON.

Son,

*I hope you are living with all the happiness in your life and I wish god fulfills all your wishes. This letter could be my last words to you. I don't feel like living anymore, my bones are tired and my eyesight is getting weak day by day. Sorry son, I really don't want to bother you with my complaints but you know I don't have anyone to say these things. I just want to complain about each and every pain i am feeling deep in my heart and in my body. I know you don't have time to meet me and stay with me, but its been years i haven't seen you and i really want to. I still remember when you started going school and everyday i would feel insecure and terrible until you return home. That 5 hours would feel like hell, whatever work i would try to indulge myself in wouldn't help to stay calm unless you would return and start you chatter about all the silly things happened with you at school. Everything around for you was surprising and the things you wouldn't understand, you would call them silly. Maybe thats why,*

*you thought my feelings are silly. Indeed they were silly, they are...*

*When i became a mother, I thought I was the happiest person alive. I would not allow anyone to look at you, I would talk to you and tell you whatever was happening around. I knew you didn't understand anything and you would cry for no reasons, but still I always loved to make you smile again. Your father and I went for days without talking to each-other. Those days he started coming home earlier from field and every-time he came he would start playing with you and would go on playing for hours.*

*Whenever i think about it, all i do is laugh. I knew you needed us, I knew that without me, you would be torn apart. Than why did you forget that without you, i have been teared into pieces.*

*I don't know what happened to my love, why did it become so weak that it was unable to hold you. I don't why suddenly i started to become a bondage for you.*

*Maybe this is what life is, you are not loved*



*Its time for me to go and not return again. I will always be there for you. anytime you feel lonely just call me, like you used to and i will live with you unless you want me to leave.*

*Your Mother.*

After reading the letter, Rajeev was broke an he started crying. I started pleasing god and begging for apology but he knew no one could ever forgive him.

## **I Expect**

I still remember the day when i was 10, my father purchased a fountain pen worth Rs. 12. I felt contented and each part of my heart and mind was satisfied. Every time I showed it to friends i was excited. Few years later, i was standing inside a computer outlet, my dad was counting the currency notes, Rs. 23000 exactly. I was complaining about the missing features compared to my friends computer. I showed it to everyone but this time it was a way to get few positive points from my friends. Indeed i was not satisfied!

Satisfaction an absurd word for today's human nature. Asking a person to be satisfied is like inviting him to list out his complaints with a weird expression mixed with emotion. Hope you imagine this face of your friend in mind or maybe you saw it in mirror. I feel expectation and satisfaction truly oppose each other. I mean a person may not be satisfied if his expectation rise and each time he wants to fill it.

Supporting my words there are many live examples where we lose the sense of enjoyment, lose a relationship just because our expectations are higher and satisfaction seems to have a hard day to find its place. There is an interesting thing indeed a dramatic fact about human nature. Our expectation resides in our own mind but we want others to fulfill it. Describing it there are situations, if we want to talk to a close friend instead of directly calling the person we expect the person to call us!. It's hard to understand how will our close friend ever know that we want to talk. Expectation without any base. There are many people who buy a certain good i.e. A phone or a laptop and then they are not satisfied with it, so why did you ever buy it?.

Happiness is all around, it all depends on our thoughts. I am not one to teach the ways to become happy but sharing some thoughts will definitely help us to relate. It's all about satisfaction. Of course expecting great things and aiming for them is important but also being satisfied helps us to believe in our self and hence where there is belief there is no grief.



## **The Forgotten Love**

We feel contended sometimes when we have an answer for each question fired on us. Sophisticated answers and unwanted interventions sometimes leads to big damaging scenes. Staring with an antagonism in their eyes makes them feel unlucky. Miraculously their love never dies. They are always there with us. We may call them by any name- mom, mummy, dad, daddy, annoying, weird. But what they hold for us in their weak hands is love.

We are polite with our friends and loving with our lady. There are numerous apologies we present to our friends but lesser is their existence for our parents. Its still unbelievable for me when sometimes i find some boys saying hundreds of sorry to their girlfriends but they never apologies to their parents for a bad behaviour. Even i am not the exception.

On every occasion we have a greeting card and a lengthy message for our freinds but for our parents a Thankyou note is a tedious task for us; Definetly they are not accepting a thankyou from us but still it will make them feel great.

We all love our parents there is definetly no doubt; we care for them; we are lucky to have them in our life; We are blessed and thankful to god.

But do we remember any day of our life when we went to our father and said "dad, i love u ", "Dad, I am proud to have a father like you". Is it so uncool?.

We are bonding with the world and SEPERATING from our parents

